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Truth wants no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

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For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.
HOW READERS THOU! Luke 10: 26.
AT A FEW THINGS.

The one thing new to read the Bible through, And another thing to read, to learn and do. The something new to read it with delight, And quite another thing, to read it right. Some read it with devotion to learn to read But to the subject pay but little heed. Some read it as their duty were a woe, But no instruction from the Bible took. Whilst others read it with little care, With no regard to how they read, nor where. Some read it as a history, to know How people lived three thousand years ago. Some read it to bring themselves into view, By showing others how they can do so. Whilst others read because their neighbors do, To see how long 'till they can turn it through. Some read it for the wonders that are there, How David killed a lion and a bear. Whilst others read, or rather in it look, Because, perhaps, they have no other book. Some read the Bible, which they don't know why It somehow happens in the way to lie. Whilst others read it with uncommon care, But all to find some contradiction there. Some read it as though it did not speak to them, But to the people at Jerusalem. One reads it as a book of mysteries, And won't believe the very thing he sees. One reads with father's words upon his head, And sees the thing just as his father said. Another reads through Campbell or through Scott, And thinks it means exactly what they thought. Whilst others read the Book through M. B. Ballou And if it cross his track, it can't be true. Some read to prove a pre-occupied creed, The underhand but little what they read. For every passage in the Book they find To make it suit that all and sundry find. Some people read in the way of thought, To turn the Book, but not to be taught. And some there are who read in the way of hope, For they are but few who read in the way of love. So many people in the way of many ways, That few can tell which system is the best, For every party contradicts the rest.

Literary Department.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;
OR,
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC., &c.

BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARREST OF THE BURGARS.

Upon his return home, Hugh Simonson imparted his determination to break into the premises of Hubert Elston, No. 11—Bleeker street to his associate, Andrew Williams. The countenance of Williams manifested the firmness and the sadness of despair. "I have taken your money," Simonson said, the man, gloomily, and have promised to go with you, whenever you called upon me. I will keep my promise, though I fear it will turn out badly. "It can't, Williams," replied Simonson, hastily. "I have looked over the ground, and I am sure of success." "My rent is paid; so they will not turn my poor woman out of doors. They may do what they will with me." "Cheer up, man," exclaimed Hugh Simonson. "It is natural, perhaps, that you should be a little nervous. I myself, the first time I went out, but you will soon get used to it." "Mr. Simonson," said Williams, firmly. "I have taken a Bible oath, that I will never again violate the rights of others and the laws of my country. I am driven to it now by necessity." "An oath!" replied the other, with a coarse laugh. "I shall not constrain you to keep it or break it. You are a free man." "To-night, I will follow you." "Come down to my room then, between eleven and twelve—you will find me there." The remainder of the evening was passed by Andrew Williams in the apartment of his sick wife. He was kind and attentive—even more so than usual—and yet there was an expression of settled melancholy on his features, which gave an air of listlessness to his movements. Once or twice, in the midst of her suffering, this expression drew the attention of Mrs. Williams particularly to her husband's conduct; however, that many causes of weariness and distress were pressing upon him, she forbore to make any urgent inquiries. When the children had retired, Williams sat down by the bedside of his wife, and at her request, read a chapter from the Bible. After she talked to him, told him earnestly upon the prospects of the family after her decease. She invoked him to make the most strenuous exertions to provide a suitable education for the boys, and to train them up to useful and respectable occupations. She dwelt upon the good qualities of her daughter Jane, and her ability, young as she was, to superintend the affairs of the household. At length, she became exhausted and gradually sank into a profound sleep. During a full hour, Andrew Williams sat

gazing upon the calm, placid, yet attenuated features of his wife. Then, with a deep sigh, he rose from the stool on which he had been seated, extinguished the candle, and cautiously withdrew from the chamber. He descended the stairs, on tiptoe, to prevent the creaking of his footsteps, and stealthily advanced to the door of Hugh Simonson's apartment. By the meagre light of a jasper lamp, the robber was busily engaged in selecting from a chest, filled with mechanical tools and other implements, such articles as he deemed requisite in the prosecution of his scheme of plunder. He had, previous to the entrance of Williams, placed upon a table near him, a large bunch of keys, a dark lantern, a die, a screw-driver, a small hatchet, and two or three knives with blades of a peculiar description. "These things look like hard work," said Hugh Simonson, as Williams approached and surveyed the formidable array of tools and keys, with an inquiring glance. "Ours is a trade as well as a profession, but it pays high wages." "The wages of sin is death," muttered Williams, half unconsciously, in a low, husky tone. Simonson turned toward his neighbor, and said, "Now now, Williams, are you crazy?" "The sentence came into my mind, from a chapter in the Bible—which I have just been reading to my wife." "The Bible!" exclaimed the robber, chuckling with suppressed laughter. "Your studies will help you along vastly in the profession. But seriously, Williams, I doubt whether you have the pluck of a man, after all." "Don't fear me, Simonson." "The Bible!" muttered Hugh Simonson, several times. Then crossing the apartment toward a small closet, he said to his associate: "Come and take a turn, Williams, and quit this cursed nonsense; we have got something to do." The men pledged each other in silence, in a bumper of cogniac brandy, slightly diluted with water. "It must be nearly midnight," observed Simonson, replacing the decanter and the empty tumblers in the closet, "and now for action." The robber returned to his former position and employment. He took a couple of large canvas bags from the wooden chest, and landed them to Andrew Williams. "Hold them into as small a compass as possible, and thrust them into your coat pockets." Williams followed his directions. "Here are two iron bars," continued Simonson—expressing them to the view of his companion—which may come in play very usefully. You see, they are covered with the sleeves of your coat, until we get out of the public street." Hugh Simonson then closed the lid of the chest, and pushed it with its remaining contents under the table. One by one, he examined the implements which he had selected, and concealed them about his person. Finally, he took the last latch from the table, and beckoning to Williams to follow him, the thief, without awakening any of the building, passed into the street. The night was intensely dark. The sky was covered with a pall of dense heavy clouds, through which not a single star manifested its twinkling rays. At the distance of six paces, the figure of a man was not discernible, in the open air, by the keenest vision, except within the narrow circle, partially illuminated by the street lamps. There was neither fog nor rain, but the senses were affected, unpleasantly, by the chilliness of the atmosphere. "Somehow," murmured the implements of their unlawful trade, the robbers moved slowly onward by the most direct route to the corner of Broadway and Houston streets. The darkness of the night, intense—almost palpable—while it was highly favorable to the success of their enterprise, incessantly retailed its prosecution. At the corner of the street, the robbers made the careful observation of the localities, the preceding afternoon, a quarter of an hour elapsed between the arrival of his companion and himself at the corner aforesaid, and the discovery of a narrow wooden gate or entrance in Houston street, which he had chosen as the first point of attack. "This is the spot, Williams," whispered Simonson, at length, to his associate. "I had one of the bars. The gate is bolted on the inside but the bolt is an old shabby thing, which would yield to a child's strength. Keep a good look out for stragglers, Andrew, and we'll soon be in." The burglar took the iron bar which his comrade presented to him, and applied one end of it to a small crevice in the gateway. With a steady, yet moderate exercise of muscular power, he pried the edge of the gate, toward him, until the fastening had given way, and he had gained himself swung freely upon his hinges. He opened it cautiously, and peering Williams by the arm, drew him quietly into the dark, narrow, passage-way. Closing it behind him with the same caution, he stood, for a minute or two, in a listening attitude by the side of his companion. "This is a desperate dark place," murmured Williams, in low trembling tones. "Black as pitch, neighbor," whispered the burglar; "but so much the better. Be quiet, and follow me." "Had we not better give it up, Mr. Simonson?" "Fool!" muttered the burglar, through his closed teeth. Hugh Simonson took the lead through the narrow passage; feeling his way at every step. In a few moments, he had reached a small yard or garden, in the rear of the building to which the passage-way belonged. He directed the attention of his comrade to a partition fence on the right, as they advanced, slowly, across the yard. Assisted by an oblong wooden box which they encountered accidentally, the men

clambered over the fence and pursued their promenade in the adjoining garden. "One more fence, Williams," said Hugh Simonson, in a whisper, to his neighbor, "and the way is open." These words had barely escaped the lips of the burglar, when Andrew Williams clasped his arm, and murmured in a voice tremulous with emotion, "We are lost—somebody is coming." "Silence, man." A peculiar sound as of some person approaching them, was distinctly heard. Simonson laid his hand upon his comrade's shoulder and whispered, "Crouch upon the ground, Andrew. There is no danger that we shall be seen in this darkness." The pattering of footsteps upon the gravelled walks of the garden grew more audible. The heart of Andrew Williams quaked with fear. He sank motionless upon the ground. Presently, the low harsh growl of a mastiff, fell upon the ears of the listeners. "That's a dog," muttered Simonson, who had felt a slight degree of alarm at the previous sounds. "I am prepared for him." The dog approached the burglars so nearly, that his white teeth and glaring eyes were visible amid the intense darkness of the garden. His growl was gradually increasing in loudness and harshness. It was evident that he was conscious of the presence of the intruders, and that the least movement of retreat on their part, would be the signal of attack from the ferocious animal. At that moment, Hugh Simonson thrust his hand into his outer coat-pocket. The dog plunged toward him, and barked loudly. "Take that for your pains, and shut your ugly mouth," muttered the burglar, tossing a large slice of fresh butter's meat in the face of the mastiff. The bait was successful. The hungry animal growling over the delicious morsel, tore it to pieces and devoured it with savage eagerness. "This way, neighbor," exclaimed Simonson, "we have gained time to scale the garden wall." The hope of escape, gave new vigor to Andrew Williams. The rose from the ground without assistance or a second bidding, and followed Hugh Simonson. The burglars soon arrived at the bottom of the garden, and felt their way along a brick wall, seven or eight feet high, to the partition fence on their right. This fence was considerably lower than the wall, and they were able, without serious difficulty, to climb the fence and mount the garden wall, with still greater ease. Holding on to the top of the wall with their hands, they swung themselves safely to the ground, on the opposite side. A moment afterwards, they heard the low growl of the mastiff, still muzzling the remnant of his midnight meal. He was again upon the track of the burglars, and as they stood kneeling against the wall, and listening carefully, they perceived by the direction of the growl, that he was slowly approaching the junction of the wall and the partition fence. They moved not, scarcely breathed, lest their proximity should be betrayed to the acute senses of the dog. But the sagacious animal, apparently satisfied by his examination, the intruders, had left the premises of his master, did not remain long in the immediate vicinity. His movements became inaudible; his growl died away, entirely, and a profound silence ensued, broken only by the hushed breathing of the watchers by the garden wall. "Yonder is our park," at length whispered Hugh Simonson to his companion, shaking him gently by the shoulder. The voice of Simonson caused Andrew Williams from a train of melancholy reflections. He was no longer sustained by the temporary firmness, which a combination of circumstances and feelings had imparted to his resolution. The dangers which had already beset him, convinced him that the path of crime was thorny and difficult to tread. He possessed little energy of character in the ordinary conflicts of the world, and was easily adapted to act as a accomplice in deeds of violence. Wisely as he stood against the starry sky, near the garden wall, did he long to be at home, the home of his sick wife, and his slumbering children. He turned his eyes toward the pile of buildings, whose black outline was hardly distinguishable, in the darkness of the night. In front, every thing seemed to be buried in impenetrable obscurity. The faint glimmering of a lamp, from the upper story of a dwelling house, in a diagonal direction, was the only evidence which the eye could gather of the existence of the massive structure of brick and mortar which, on all sides, surrounded the burglars. Suddenly, the dense clouds that veiled the earth gave place to a clear sky, and a glimpse of starlight was visible for an instant. The next moment the eyes of the adventures were dazzled by the brilliancy of a falling meteor, and then the clouds rolled slughly together, and the earth was clothed with unclouded gloom. "It is a warning of Providence," said Andrew Williams. "Let us turn back, Mr. Simonson." "You forget the dog," muttered Hugh Simonson in reply. Williams sighed heavily; but made no answer to this effective hint. If cowardice was catching, continued Simonson, there would be no chance for us. What is there in a falling star? It shows us where we are, Andy, and I'll warrant it is a good omen. "I have always heard so the copyists," said Williams, despondingly. "Your sick wife, your starving children, Andy," whispered Hugh Simonson. "Courage for the hour, and we shall be rich men." With these words, by way of encouragement to his companion, Simonson left the shelter of the garden wall, and stole cautiously along the

gravelled footpath, which accident revealed to him. In a few minutes, he felt that he was treading upon a pavement of smooth shining stones, and moving on still more warily, he discovered at length, a descending flight of stone steps. Once, two, three, four, five steps, and he stood upon a level surface, paved with brick. "Halt! Andy," said Hugh Simonson, in tones scarcely louder than his ordinary breathing: "where are you?" "Here," replied a low tremulous voice. "Hold this lantern, till I can find a match. The house is still as death." Williams took the lantern, in silence. Simonson thrust one hand into his trousers pocket, and drew forth a box of tapers, and a single taper, which he instantly lighted, by rubbing it gently against the end of the box. The flame was immediately communicated to the wick of a small lamp, in the dark lantern. "Guard the opening of the lantern, thus," whispered the burglar to his associate, "so that only a glimmer of light shall escape, and hold it constantly toward me." Such was the extreme caution and consideration of the thoughtfulness of this man Simonson, accounted so rash and impetuous, by James Fogle. Hugh Simonson commenced the examination of the premises. The paved area extended along a portion of the rear of the house, until it was terminated on the left by the wall of a smaller building, projecting from the main edifice in the direction of the garden. Above the area, was a plank roof, the door probably of a terrace or plaza, connected with the first story of the mansion. The attention of the burglar was, however, principally directed to the means of egress. In the rear of the basement, bounded by the paved area, there were two windows, closed by wooden shutters, and a door, Simonson first attempted to force. Its unyielding solidity led him to judge, that it was not only locked, but secured with its bars. He next approached the door, and firmly closed; but those of the second window yielded readily to a prying movement of his fingers. The window-sash proved to be securely fastened. After a moment's reflection, Hugh Simonson returned to his comrade, took him by the arm, and led him directly to the front of the window. Then he drew from one of his pockets, a sharp single-bladed knife. "A little more light, Andy." By means of the knife the burglar succeeded, in a short time, in loosening and removing a pane of glass from the window-sash. He passed one hand through the opening and unfastened the catch or spring, attached to the upper surface. The sash glided freely upward. The sill of the window was not higher than three feet from the pavement of the area. The burglars effected their entrance, into the basement, with little noise. The first act of Hugh Simonson, after the entrance of his comrade, Williams, was to close the window-shutters carefully. "Open the door of the lantern widely," whispered Simonson. "There is no danger, any longer, from the light." It was a room of moderate size; containing a handsome carpet, a mahogany table, and half a dozen wooden chairs. On the side opposite to the windows, were folding doors; one of which, was partially open. These doors butted, each of them, against a projection from the main wall of the edifice, standing as it were, in the centre of the room, and between the two rooms. The projections were of brick work, finished externally in the same style as the rest of the apartment, with hard walls and panel-doors, grained in oak. They were evidently constructed as chambers or closets for the safe keeping of valuable articles. Hugh Simonson advanced towards a side door which, as he rightly conjectured, opened into the basement entry. He passed into the entry, followed by his associate who, surrounded no longer by the imaginary terrors of darkness, had recovered his ordinary firmness. "We will provide in time for our retreat," murmured Simonson, unlocking successfully the doors of the entry in front and rear; the keys of which, fortunately for his purpose, had been left in the lock; and removing the iron bars, noiselessly, from their sockets. He glanced upon the stairway leading to the main hall on the first floor of the mansion. The door, at the top, was closed. From the entry he went into the front apartment, unfastened and raised one of the window-sashes, and carefully slid back the bolt that secured the shutter. He passed through the folding-doors into the other room, closing them after his companion. "That is the closet where the metal is. The one to the right," said Simonson, in a louder voice than he had lately spoken. "It is locked, isn't it?" eagerly inquired Andrew Williams. "Locked," muttered Simonson, with a coarse sneer. Disabussing himself of his implements, except the bunch of keys and the small file which he had drawn from his pocket, and still retained in his hands, the burglar approached the door of the closet. He tried key after key, unsuccessfully. The necessity of using the most violent precautions against noise, delayed his operations. After a great number of trials, he discovered a key which seemed to be intercepted in its action by the narrowness of one of its wards. He attempted to remedy the imperfection by filing away a portion of the solid metal. While he was thus engaged, Andrew Williams interrupted him with a tremendous whisper. "Don't you hear a noise, Mr. Simonson?" "Nothing but the file and the thumping of

your heart," replied Simonson. "I thought." "Hush! this is no time for thinking. Now for the lock." Hugh Simonson placed the key in the aperture of the lock, and turned it with a gentle twist of the wrist. The bolt of the lock flew back, with a loud snap. Instantly the burglar opened the door of the closet. The interior of the closet presented a glittering appearance. Costly services of plate, of the most exquisite workmanship, were ranged upon the shelves. Silver coffee-pots, tea-pots and sugar-dishes, cake-baskets of elegant fashion; silver trays, containing tea and table-spoons; richly chased goblets of gold and silver, and a variety of lesser articles were ranged upon the shelves, in a dazzling profusion. "The bags, Williams," quickly muttered Simonson. "Set the lantern on the table and come hither." Andrew Williams obeyed Simonson's directions, and took a position near the door of the closet, holding one of the quassas large open at the top. Hugh Simonson entered the closet, and grasped a couple of golden goblets. "Gold before silver, always," he muttered, thrusting the goblets into his own pockets. At that moment, Andrew Williams heard a slight noise, as of the jarring of a door, and turning a little to the right, he saw the figure of a man standing in the door leading to the basement entry. "Enter a cry of agony, he sank upon his knees, pressed his hands to his forehead, and exclaimed, 'Mercy! oh my poor wife.' The shriek of his comrade, excited the alarm of Hugh Simonson. Looking round he perceived beyond his kneeling and terrified associate, not only the man who had entered the apartment, but a policeman, who had just entered the apartment. "Surrender to the police!" exclaimed one of the strangers, intercepting him. The ruffian replied with a blow, which sent the man reeling against the wall of the room. The delay of a moment, however, enabled the other policeman to seize the burglar. A violent scuffle ensued; in the progress of which, Hugh Simonson and his antagonist fell together, upon the floor. A deep groan, uttered from the lips of one of the struggling policemen, followed by the exclamation: "The villain has stabbed me!" With an effort almost superhuman, Hugh Simonson rose upon his feet, and, thrusting his antagonist, violently from him. The wounded man who had clung to him, notwithstanding the severity of his pain, sank, bleeding, upon the carpet. Simonson bounded through the folding-door, towards the front window, threw back the window-shutters, and dashed through the space with surpassing velocity. He had reached a paved area of less depth than in the rear of the building, which was protected in front by an iron fence. The burglar sprang upon the stone coping of the area, and resting his hands upon the upper rail, was in the act of swinging him self over the fence, into the street, when a stunning blow upon the head, from the round leaden ball of a loaded cane, struck him senseless. He fell heavily upon the stone pavement of the sidewalk—the impetus of his desperate effort to escape, enabling him to clear the fence entirely. A squad of persons, bearing lanterns and torches, shooting and laughing came up at that moment. "What is the row, neighbor?" inquired one of them, addressing a large man who was leaning over the prostrate burglar. "I am a police officer, and this man is a thief," said the person addressed, turning for an instant toward the first speaker. He had hardly finished the sentence, when two of the policemen from the interior of the building, made their appearance with Andrew Williams in custody. "Put the iron on this scoundrel, Roberts," said the officer who had struck down Hugh Simonson. "Ay, ay, Mr. Masters, he is a desperate fellow. He has stabbed Holmes, badly." As the policeman raised Simonson from the pavement, he moved his hand, languidly, toward his head. "Jack Highdyer," muttered one of the squad. "It is the fellow you punished, so severely, last night." "The same, Tim. He is in 'better hands now.' Other policemen made their appearance; and the inmates of the dwellings in the neighborhood, alarmed by the noise, were flocking around the officers. "More on boys!" exclaimed Jack Highdyer, in a tone of command; the fun is all over in this quarter." Two hours afterwards, when Hugh Simonson recovered his consciousness, he was lying on a straw-bed in one of the cells of the Eighth Ward Station House—an arrested felon. A lady in Cambridge, Mass., holds the pen with which Mr. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Chicago built twenty million dollars' worth of new buildings last year; had thirty miles of water pipes, twenty-one miles of Nicholson pavement, thirty miles of sidewalk and seven miles of sewers.

ualism, the arts will be revived, for each of the arts is a legitimate concomitant of this great spir-

and achieves its greatest triumph as it symbolizes forth the spiritual and divine.

spiritual faith. Poetry never leaves the narrow circle of a short-lived sensuality, only as a

painting and sculpture find the invisible springs of their life far beyond the domain of material

These changes cannot be wrought in a day, and we must also remember we cannot engineer; or conduct this movement. No man can lead Spiritualism, and he who attempts it, will go down, in forgetfulness.

We have a long road to lead, but we must follow. It does not depend upon us, but we do depend upon Spiritualism. You need not try to dress it up in a Sunday suit, and make it respectable. If you do it will fail you. You need not think to confine it to the customs of society, for it is not confined; and it is not confined to what is being done here. This Spiritualism is the most independent thing on earth, and those who worry for it, had far better worry for themselves.

It will go on, tearing down and rebuilding; until souls are wheeled into order with the currents of a diviner, because a more natural life, and the toys of the world's religious childhood give place to the strength, symmetry and beauty of manhood and womanhood.

We may inquire, what will be the character that Spiritualists will assume in the immediate future? I can only say, that they will be

could not, and if they would, and the majority of them, they could. The "mills of God" will grind up any attempt to break to pieces, any such attempts. They must and will, associate together, for the disincarnation of great truths. Have unity of effort; but no unity of action. I am not a member, this is a movement that leads men to a movement which men can or will lead. It will do for Catholicism to have its priests, bishops and popes, but he who thinks to ride Spiritism to power and fame will have the satisfaction of lifting himself up and setting himself early in the morning, and no leader but perceived truth, no creed but justice. Its watchword is, always do right.

Here is the great difference between the religion of the past, and the religion of the future. The one fits men to books and creeds, the other teaches men to think. The one feeds the soul on the hanks and bones of the dead past, the other turns trustfully to the opening future.

The one cups and bleeds men and women, and blisters them with hell fire; the other draws them with the divine magnetism of truth.

The one is fed by the dead, the other feeds the living. The one feeds by the one feed, books, or midday prayer meetings, can change the tendencies of the time.

And to him who can look beyond the coming of to-day, but half a century, what golden visions loom up before him! Materialism has rolled its ponderous, gloomy night of the past. The material religion, that has built up an enormous retreat from the green shores of this Western world, and the barefooted armies of Progress wave the banner of victory, bearing the significant inscription, so full of promise to all future ages,
"God, Liberty, and Immortality."

Original Essays

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal
THE PRICE OF TRUTH.
 BY R. B.
 Great truths are dearly bought. The commonwealth
 Such as men give and take from day to day
 Come in the common walks of life!
 Blown by the careless winds across the way
 Bought in the market at the current price,
 Bred of the selfish, enhance the loss;
 Unlike no tale of daring or worth,
 Nor pierced even the surface of the soul
 Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
 Not waited on the breast of summer dream;
 But grappled in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard battling with adversity and strain.
 Not in the general heart, mild word and win-
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
 Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth

But in the day of conflict love and grief
 When the strong hand of God put forth its might
 Plunges up the sub-soil of the stagnant loam,
 And brings the imprisoned truth - seed to the light:
 Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
 Of weakness, affliction, penance, of pain,
 Truth springs like harvest from the well-ploughed soil
 And the cold seeds it has not wept in vain

Written for the Metaphysical-Philosophical Journal

BY C. J. A.

The questioning spirit of the age, the earnest desire to possess the truth in regard to all things, whether of a material or spiritual nature, is exhibited even in our children, to a remarkable degree. Young American precocity of this kind, is often manifested to the great discomfiture of the believers in certain time honored traditions, as is illustrated by the following incident which came under my notice:

outwardly of such a serious aspect, that his mother might reasonably entertain hopes of his becoming a high church dignitary in course of time; were it not that *inwardly*, he is so very sceptical and acute, as to put such hope forever to flight. Not long since, he was listening with great attention, while a friend of his, read aloud from a Sunday School book. The subject was the Omnipotence, and all seeing power of God. The young listener did not seem to be agreeably impressed by the continued watchfulness of the awful eye, as portrayed by our Orthodox friends; and in a slow solemn tone

peculiar to himself, interpreted the reader by the following questions :

" Can God see everybody, everywhere "

" Yes, everybody and everything "

" Could he see me " he asked very slowly,

" if I got under the Bed "

" Yes, he could see you there as well as if you were out of doors "

There was a moment's pause, while the reasoning faculties within the busy little brain

The Theological reader vainly sought an answer to this searching question, and the memory of his failure will never fade from the mind of the child. May he, and all such little ones,

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The man or woman who don't love, knows nothing of God, for he is the essence of love. However, there is no such person as that. This love-element permeates every soul. It is the blood of the affections, as essential to their existence as the blood is to the physical organization. In some it is thin and weak and many times is impregnated with scrofula, as it were, causing eruptions to show itself on the affections, the same as it sometimes manifests itself on the body. The licentious have this diseased blood, as it were, circulating within their affectional nature, and it is impossible for them to love truly, purely, nobly. Their affectional nature is diseased, and love, therefore, can not manifest through it, its transcendent qualities.

As manifested in earth's children, what is love, and how is its presence known? Like our appetite, or any function of the organization, it requires the constant care of reason, that it may be kept in a healthy state, and its true nature understood. In the peculiar manifestations of its own inherent powers, it is productive, many times, of very strange results. It induces insanity; it causes its disappointed devotees to commit suicide; it imparts zeal, patriotism, and a strong desire to accomplish some particular result, and, indeed, there is, seemingly, no end to its varied manifestations of power.

The man without his love nature in action, knows nothing of the pleasures of life, and is not of any benefit to himself or humanity; but when diseased, as it many times is, in the licentious—its works are far from being commendable. Like a river swollen by snow and rain, it breaks over its embankment, and destroys the surrounding country, so does this love-element of our nature when diseased, or misdirected, throw a dark shadow over our whole life. This element is really incorporated in the physical structure of man. The blood is more attenuated than the bones or flesh; the magnetism that is incorporated in every part of the body is more subtle than the blood; the nerve aura is still finer in its make-up than magnetism; and finally, the love-element, the most sublimated element in the organism, sits upon the throne of man's quadruplicate nature, the brightest, purest, noblest monarch in existence: an offshoot of the GREAT I AM, for God is love! The most subtle, yet it possesses the most power, and is most wonderful in all its results. Its vibrations are the sweetest music to the soul, for all knowledge, all sensations are result of vibration. No sound could be heard, no object seen, no taste experienced with out this vibration which is constantly going on in all creation. Whenever this love-element in nature vibrates, you feel at once the effects thereof.

The mother when she imprints a kiss on her darling child, when lovers separate and exchange a parting salute, when friends meet with a cordial shake of the hand, this love element within the nature commences to vibrate and you feel the effects thereof at once. In some sense, mankind are selfish, and it is right that they should be so. They live for effects. They love for results! They weep for the soothing effects upon the sorrows of the soul. In pure love, the vibrations are perfect, and no jars follow.

SORORIS-WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION IN CHICAGO.

It is, doubtless, pretty generally known that there are two distinct organizations of the Sororis in this city, each of which held a convention last week. One of them was largely attended; the other but moderately so. Near the close of the second day, a resolution was offered in the smaller, to accept an invitation from the larger, to unite with them, which motion prevailed; whereupon, the minority of the lesser convention claimed that such a course would be a sacrifice of principles and immediately reorganized, with a new chairman, and perfected the original object of the convention. The larger convention did the same thing—no more—no less. Each organization has a newspaper; that of the larger convention is known as the Sororis; the organ of the smaller, Chicago Sororis.

The public are not very well advised of the *causa belli*, but they are both recognized as belligerents. The larger of the two conventions was very much under the control of priests of the different orders, hence, some severe blows were struck, to say nothing of the depth of the wounds inflicted—no deaths as yet, although one Universalist clergyman, who was an active member in the lesser convention, has been arraigned since, before a grave tribunal of Universalist clergymen! This, however, is not the result probably, of the course pursued by the Rev. gentlemen at the Sororis Convention. He is young and talented, calls out large congregations and casts the lesser lights in his order, (those who claim the right to prefer charges, set upon his trial and pronounce judgment upon him), into the shade. But we will speak more of this by and by. The Sororis is our theme just now.

The gentle Anna Dickinson wielded her Damascus blade to good effect. She and the Rev. Robt. Laird Collier were pitted against each other in single combat. The gentleman did not see things exactly in the Sororis light. He got his eyes opened, however, by the aid of the blade of the gentle Anna. She, in turn, learned something of the reality of the practical workings of "women's rights," by the thrusts of the Damascus whet of the Rev. Robert Laird. On the whole, it was, taking into consideration the workings of the two conventions, one grand success.

It was fully demonstrated that these Sororis Conventions can be managed as adroitly by women, as other political conventions have been by old hacks, of the opposite gender. Another feature is worthy of note, viz: The priests and lesser lights among the candidates for office, are on hand to unite with the new party, knowing, perhaps, that they lose nothing by so doing.

Maybe some fragments of the leaves and fishes will fall to their share. However, all may be honest; we will not pretend to judge. Certainly, the best feature, as a guarantee that the movement will eventually be a success, and that principles will come out uppermost, is that the lesser convention would not be sold out, overruled nor betrayed; but when the trying moment came, they adhered to their principles and sifted out all that were too light to be counted solid workers.

We pass no opinion in regard to the merits of the one convention over the other. We simply admire the *spunk* of the lesser convention and say, God-speed both in all good and noble deeds.

"ANSWER NOT A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY, LEFT HIM WISE IN HIS OWN CONSCIENCE."

We received the following by mail: "Please answer the following questions through your column. Who am I? My age? When born? Have I a brother, sister, father, mother, grandmother, or grandfather in the spirit-land? What was my mother's maiden name? Am I married or single? If you can answer these, please tell the name of the spirit that does it."

Old theology has, in the past, taught the doctrine that those who pass from this sphere of life to heaven, and themselves upon a plane of life where no further acquisitions in knowledge are necessary. One eternal palm-singing, or thumping of golden harps, is the never-ending occupation.

One of this class of believers can, at once, be recognized by the tenor of thought manifested in his letters. He seems to think that if spirits can control mediums to communicate at all, they can tell all about his mother, grandfather, grandmother, and other relatives, and also the name of an anonymous writer, and whether he wrote with a goose quill, or some other kind of a pen. This is not very much to be wondered at, when we consider the dimensions of an orthodox heaven, as per Biblical measurement.

The writer is yet in theological bondage, awe, ignorance. We are happy to say that the philosophy of Spiritualism, will eventually redeem him and all others of his limited views, in regard to the number and condition of those in spirit life, from much mental darkness. Then he will realize the fact that his letter of inquiry is about as definite, and as likely to get an answer, as Pat O'Flanagan, of Ireland, was when he wrote to his brother, addressing him as, "Brother Mike, United States of America."

TUNNELING IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago Sunday Times of the 17th inst., under the caption of "Men and Muskrats," offers some facetious remarks on the subject of tunneling.

Chicago furnishes, probably, the most advantageous field for the pursuit of this interesting branch of scientific investigation. The relation between men and muskrats is more obvious in Chicago than anywhere else. It is traceable not only in the anatomical structure, but in the habits and occupations of the two species. The muskrat was first to discover the admirable adaptability of the site of Chicago to the construction of tunnels. It was the first engineer who introduced the plan of tunneling Chicago river. His cousin-german, the present inhabitants of Chicago, have only executed the plan on a somewhat larger scale. And, it is not to their honor it must be said, they have neglected to give him due credit for his invention. In the spirit of self-exaltation, they have first engineer their own names in profusion on the Chicago tunnels, but have ignored that of the original inventor. It is the common fate of genius.

Further on, the remarks take a more practical shape and assume a more business-like bearing, and allude to the subject or idea of tunneling for the various railroads which now, or may hereafter enter in this city. We quote: "Another of Mr. Muskrat's Chicago relatives no longer forward with a proposition to introduce Mr. Muskrat's system of tunneling in Chicago on a grander scale than ever. The proposition is nothing less than to convert the whole bed of Chicago river into one grand and stupendous tunnel for the accommodation of the numerous railways that enter Chicago. The execution of this project would remove the railway tracks from the surface and place them underground, where the Chicago muskrat thinks they ought to be. At a central point, a little north of the present Lake street bridge, a grand subterranean depot, or muskrat-house, would be erected, where all the different lines would converge and unite."

The idea is a prodigious one. It is a scheme worthy of the engineering genius of Chicago; or rather, worthy of the engineering genius of the muskrats that preceded the present race of tunnel-builders in Chicago. It is worthy of commendation, not only for the Chicago people, but for the railways, for the inhabitants would have their homes in the suburbs. What then, must be the inconveniences in 1883?

But all this may be obviated by a general adaptation of the muskrat system. With that system inaugurated, Chicago need not spread over any more surface. Instead of the present three geographical divisions, the city may be reduced to two divisions, the upper division and the under division.

WINNEBAGO, ILLINOIS.

Our friends are delirious of having speakers call and lecture when passing near the above-named town.

Address, Reuben Alworth, Esq.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

One of the officers of the "American Association of Spiritualists," boasts of receiving seventy-five dollars per month, from that Association. Rather an expensive institution! Well, it is none of our special business, inasmuch as we have not, nor do we intend to pay an initiation fee, nor a yearly contribution of five dollars per annum, for membership, as required by the articles of organization.

We now begin to see why the wire-pullers at our late Springfield convention, required members of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, in order to hold their membership, to support the American Association.

As soon as we can get the thirteen names that composed the delegates to the Springfield Convention, we intend to publish them. For some, probably, very good reason, Jamieson, the secretary, in giving the proceedings of that meeting, at Springfield, Ill., published, (in an interior town in Michigan,) did not see fit to give the names nor number of delegates. His laudations were profuse; facts which should make up a record, few.

THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large portion of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was, weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

DR. J. C. WONDER.

Writes to us from Milwaukee, giving in detail an account of his travels, sciences, and diagnosis of diseases.

The good work, brother, is going bravely on, and we are glad you are so earnest in your efforts to spread a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

Dr. D. B. Zerk writes us that the harvest is ripe at the above named place. Lecturers take notice.

Read the article taken from the *American Artisan*, found in another column, concerning the patent Magic Comb, which we fully endorse.

Literary Notices.

"The Gospel of Good and Evil," by Joseph B. Silver.

This work consists of a hundred and thirty-two short essays, designed, as the author says, "To illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each treated separately."

It is not often that we open a book of greater intrinsic merit, than this. The writer seems to grasp the inherent nature of good and evil, and carefully analyzes the same, coming to the sensible conclusion, "that good and evil are convertible terms, and that each is necessary to the existence of the other."

Each essay is complete in itself, the subject of the same being so critically and carefully examined, that nothing more is necessary to be said in reference to it.

Physical evils are first examined and defined. In so doing, however, he wisely refers to nature as "a system of violence, one thing driving another; and it is by the equipolence of checks and balances that order is maintained and perpetually insured." "From this," he says, "we derive the first hint; that we must go through evil to enjoy good; that evil is a contending force necessary to give to goodness life and motion."

There are several reasons why this book will be read with pleasure and profit. Any disquisition that harmonizes as it were, the contending forces of nature, and the seeming good and evil that pervades society, should be hailed as a "Savior," by those who are anxious to arrive at the truth and thereby comprehend the manifestations of Deity.

For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

Better Views of Living.

The above is the title of a new work, by A. B. Childs.

It is not often that we meet with so much substantial food for the human mind, in one volume, as is contained in this new work by Mr. Childs. This work is particularly adapted for those who have been in the habit of giving the various religious tenets of the day, but a casual examination, for they will find in this volume some startling maxims, which cannot fail to awaken investigation in their mind. Starting out with the thought that every religion is divine; every faith true, and that so-called is false to the invisible cause of its production, the author, seemingly guided by inspiration, adds thereto, until a fap of information is adduced, that is rarely met with in one volume.

Feeling the truth of his statements, he gives expression to them, not deeming it necessary to sustain them by a thorough course of reasoning.

His ideas of chastity are, indeed, beautiful. He says: "To think evil of no one, is chastity in thought." "To love every one, is chastity in affection." "To do as we would be done by, is chastity in deed."

The casual reader, the profound thinker, the metaphysician, the biblical student, and "ministers of the gospel," would do well to give this book careful attention. No one can read it without feeling that he is benefited thereby.

For sale by the Western News Company, 121 and 123 State Street, Chicago; also at this office, 84 Dearborn Street. Price \$1.00.

Our correspondent, J. W. S., offers the following, on our review of "Sunderland's Trance."

Mr. JONES:—There appears to be an error in your cursory review of Sunderland's new work, "The Trance." The author is dealing with the physical, and not directly with the spiritual phenomena of Trance, while your notice seems to make it appear that the spiritual phenomena were not fully done justice. Mr. Sunderland has chosen ground to explore, which has been very mysterious in the dark past, and I think from a careful reading of his book, "The Trance," he has done a work we greatly needed, to show that all his investigations harmonize with the wondrous phenomena of spirit forces.

There are thousands, say millions, who would utterly deny the facts of Spiritualism, and what can we do with such persons till we have convinced them, by scientific and philosophical demonstration, that the facts exist? We may theorize forever. Sunderland's work, dealing exclusively with the physical condition of Trance, is just what is needed to effect an entrance into the minds of the millions, for the mental and spiritual philosophy which will afford a confirmation and completion to the work. J. F. B. of Indianapolis, sends us the following criticism of a review of A. J. Davis' "Spirit Mysteries Explained."

BROTHER S. B. JONES:—I find in the *Investigator*, of Boston, a review of A. J. Davis' work, "Spirit Mysteries Explained," and also of Sunderland's work, which I see you have just published. I mean "The Trance."

Brother Seaver's entire argument, is his inability to see or feel, spiritual existence. This is all he urges as an objection to A. J. Davis' work. Mr. Sunderland has written a scientific work on the agencies producing the trance state, and has chiefly confined his attention to the physical conditions of induction. Having read his book, we know whereof we testify, when we say it is a powerful sledge hammer, skillfully directed against the ignorance of that earth-philosophy which would deny the fact of spiritual forces. The work is collateral to Spiritualism, and must be of great value. I am glad you have introduced it upon the shelves of the JOURNAL book establishment.

Mr. Sunderland, writing a scientific work on the physical conditions of the trance, could not well ignore the mental or physical conditions thereof, and has consequently said: "It is not difficult to suppose that invisible persons exert power over physical bodies, and that intelligence, rationalization, music, &c., are made without any human organs, or instruments." Brother Seaver, of the *Investigator*, says it is "difficult for him, very."

Very well, brother Seaver, Mr. Sunderland's work is admitted by materialists and by yourself, to be a scientific book, but because the author of "The Trance," shows facts which your philosophy does not account for, you throw him overboard, on the mere instigation of an "inability" on your part. "The Trance" is a book that we advise every Spiritualist to read, and fortify himself with the store-house of its historical and philosophical facts, and we advise every materialist to read it also, for it will assuredly aid him to "coalesce" of things and truths which are now "difficult" to the undeveloped. Indianapolis Feb. 4th.

"Jehovah Unveiled, or the Character of the Jewish Deity delineated," to which is prefixed a letter to the Bishop of Condoof, by J. P. Tridemann. Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Investigator office.

This is a pamphlet of over one hundred pages. The work is keen in the extreme. The foundation stones of old theology, are shown to be of a concrete that quickly crumbles to pieces when exposed to the sunlight of common sense. It did well enough to hold up a structure to be used only by semi-barbarians. Now, it serves as a land-mark, denoting the progress made in the unfolding of mind—and yet it is popular to believe in the myths of the past.

For sale at this office. Price twenty-five cents. Postage four cents.

"The Ignorant Philosopher and The Adventures of Pythagoras in India." By M. De Voltaire.

This little work is well worthy of a careful perusal, not only on account of the distinguished character of this ancient philosopher, but from the simple fact that in all his statements and adventures, food for reflection can be obtained. Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Mass.

"The Land of the living is the home of the dead. To die is but to live."

ANALYTICAL.

The Worrell Sisters, whose partial failure at McVicker's Theatre, called forth some pretty severe criticism, are, this week, meeting with good success, drawing good houses, and giving the most ample satisfaction.

Their business Manager, A. L. Parker, was out in a card in the Times of the 15th, in which he gave many good reasons for their not at first meeting the expectations of Chicagoans; one principal one being that all three sisters, as well as several of the company, were suffering from severe colds. He concludes by saying that the amount of anxiety caused by the fear of an unfavorable impression has utterly prostrated the sisters on two or three occasions during the past week, and Miss Sophie, particularly, has been compelled to leave the stage in a fainting condition, swooning repeatedly during the performance, the result of an overwrought and ety.

Communications from the Spirit World.

He shall give a complete charge concerning them."

A. Communicator in order to be heard, give through

MRS. A. H. HODINSON,

a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

Our Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be brief, well written, and directed to the editor, who will endeavor for the questioner to be present at the session.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Spirit of Wisdom, let our thoughts be accepted by Thee. Hear Thou, the secret prayers of our souls, and give us that strength, and light that shall enable us to walk in the path of wisdom and truth. Teach us to be true unto ourselves, that we may deal justly with the immortal germ within, giving it power to unfold itself in goodness and love, harmonizing it with all things and above all to be in harmony with itself, thereby showing to one another that it is love and wisdom within, that control the outer manifestations.

We realize that through sad experiences, we are enabled to send forth greater sympathies to others. The heart which has passed through the trying ordeal, can enter into the deepest sympathy with those who are in like sadness.

Those sad experiences unfold to us the great lesson of kindness, of brotherly and sisterly love.

We realize Thy guidance in the past, and we earnestly desire Thy presence in the present, and in all time to come. Give us to know that all things are governed by Thee; that Thou art a grand and mighty Principle, unfolding Thyself to us in many ways; that whether we call upon Thee as Father and Mother, as a Spirit of Light, as a Spirit of Truth, Goodness or Wisdom, it matters not unto Thee, for Thou art ever present, guiding and directing all with a divine, and well purpose. Let us ever feel this, and ever ascribe unto Thee these ceaseless praise.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY MR. BALLINGRUE.

Q. What became of the saints after the crucifixion, that came out of their graves?

A. Not having been present ourselves, we could not say; but judging from others, we should say their experience was similar to that of other spirits, that pass from the material to the spiritual plane of life.

QUESTION BY MR. LAMALLE.

Q. It is really astonishing to me where such intelligence comes from, to answer questions so promptly, and in such a satisfactory manner—questions that would puzzle almost any known person, now living upon the earth.

A. We say that every A, B, C or D, can answer them in his way, according to his ideas of right; and from the fact that we have given them to correspond with your approval, it does not follow that it will meet with the same with every one else. While these answers might be satisfactory to you in every particular, yet there are minds which would, doubtlessly, find fault with every one of them.

Q. Please explain the origin of thought?

A. Thoughts, of necessity, must be within, and language is their external expression. All thoughts, then, seemingly, originate within the brain of the spirit, and they help to unfold the individual's life within, so that we can take cognizance of it by our external senses. Thoughts have their origin in the great fountain of life, and as every spirit is a part of that life, so we can say, thought is within the spirit. Two persons for instance, think the same thing; at the same time, both, perhaps, will give expression to it at the same time. And, again, another may give it expression, and the other will respond. It is exactly what I was thinking. How it is that we get these thoughts—that we cannot tell, except it is from the great source of fountain of thought, God.

GEORGE E. WILLIAMS.

My good friends, I have been promising to come here time after time, and now that I have succeeded in getting possession of this organism, I propose to tell my story, and tell it in my own way, too. I don't propose to be driven away until I get ready to go. If it is a fact that we can come—and it must be, or else I should not be here—indeed it has a right to come, and then they must have a right to stay until they get ready to go. I don't wish to intrude upon any one, but there are a few things that I want to say. How do you say them so that they will carry conviction to my only study, God is infinite. God is good. If he is infinite, he has also power. If he had power years and years gone by to suffer people that once lived upon this earth to return, so he has the power to-day, and I want you to bear this in mind. You believe that with God all things are possible. So do I now, but I did not once. I believe that when he gave life a living existence upon earth, and gave that same life an existence after death, I believe that then he must have power. Now you believe that we exist, but where and how? You do not believe that it is possible that any one can return and take possession of a physical organism after they have once left their own. Neither did I. You, like myself, would be very glad to have it so. If you could only be convinced of the fact, you would say, Amen, and bless God that it was so. That I lived as you now live, that you know. That by disease I was forced to leave my body, that you know. You say God gave, and he has power to take away. You believe that he took me. I, living, lived what you conceived a good and honorable life. Believe that I am happy. Now if I could not see you when you are the dearest of all either in earth or in heaven, how could I be happy? No heaven could possess charms sufficient for me to keep me away from you, to make me happy if I could not see you. To die, to leave dear ones

is a terrible, terrible thing. It was not God's will that I should die, but it was because my body was so diseased, and I suffered so much I could not stay any longer in it. You think that God took me. I thought at the time he was going to take me, but now I don't think so. But since it is possible for me to return to you, and tell you that I live, and something about how I live, I will not complain, but will take things as they are. Believe me, when I tell you that I had not been dead to you not one half hour before I witnessed all your grief. I then thought if I could go away as you would go away from witnessing the sorrow of any one that was dear to you, I thought I would go away; but I could not. As long as you continued to feel so, and grieve in the way you did, just so long I seemed to stay nearer and nearer to you. When you said at night, "If I could only see him, if it was but for a few moments, that would be all that I would ask," then it was that I was close by you, but could not, could not speak. That is, I could not speak so that you could hear me. I could come close, and lay my hand upon your head, but you did not feel it; you did not know that I was there. I witnessed everything that you did. I saw where you laid my body, and how anxious you were to keep it, thinking it was the last you could see of me on earth. You had no thought that I should ever say one word to you until you had passed through death the same as I have; but now it is true, and here I am. This is my body, seemingly, and yet, with my sense, I know it is not my body. If you were here, it would seem to me as though I could be just as real to you as I ever was in my life. How glad I would be if you were here. But by this you will think that it is possible for me to come here. It may be possible, if you visit some medium, I can then manifest myself to you. I will try to do it just as hard as I ever tried to do anything for your happiness. I will try to do that. Time alone can tell how I shall succeed. Emily? God bless you; God bless our little ones. I had so many things that I had thought to tell you. When I first got possession of the medium, I felt strong and positive; now I do not feel so. It seems to me that I am growing weaker, as I did in my last sickness. To you, my wife I will say that I shall ever be near; and to you, my dear father and mother, I will be the same; and to our children, I will never leave them until they shall pass through death the same as I did. Oh, Emily, do not doubt, do not be afraid, no matter what people may say, no matter what they may think. You were the dearest to me on earth; you are the dearest now. I know you are dear to you. Yes, your husband, George E. Williams, will never leave you. You will ask me why I do not tell you my age. That thought comes to me: I will say I was thirty-seven.

[He has not stated place of residence; that is important.]

January 31st, 1869.

LEMUEL ELLIOTT.

If you want my place of residence I can give it to you, just as easy as can be, but I don't suppose it will make any difference to you. I did not come here to notify any one that is here. Now, you mind that. I came here because I have something to say to my folks. I heard you say that he did not give his place of residence, and that that was essential or important; so it is, but you see that man was just exactly like a great many other Christians. When they start out, they are very powerful; but as time passes on their religion passes away; and they are not near as powerful as they thought they were going to be. They do not hold out, near as well as they thought they could. I never was a Christian, I never belonged to any church except God's Church; and anybody belongs to God's Church, whether they make any great professions of religion or not. If one does just the very best he possibly can, why, I don't see what more you can expect him to do. I will say that nine-tenths of all these Christians, are Christians because it is popular. They are Christians because they believe that somebody will think a little more of them; and some of them are Christians because they think that if they do not do just so, that God will strike them out of existence after death, and, again, others are afraid that they will go to a place of torment and there suffer eternally. But I tell you, such impressions do not stay long, for they are nothing more nor less than psychological influences produced upon them by what some powerful preacher has said—some strong minded individual that earns his bread and butter on Sunday; and the larger his salary, of course, the better he can talk and the more terrible things he will portray to his congregation, and the better he is liked because the more converts he will make.

Belong to church? "Come into my church, and you will be all right." No, I won't do it. Everybody says "It is my church; it is my God," but its your devil, always. You never find a good Christian that has any sort of any idea that it is his devil; but it is your devil if you do not like "our church." "Our Church" is a great institution. I heard the preacher when he said, "His spirit has gone, and it has gone to the God who gave it; and we leave it in the hands of a just God; and by his taking this one away from your family, it will lead you to think and to be better Christians." The devil it would! If God would take a person away from his family when he is needed by that family, just for the sake of making them better Christians, I would call him a very unreasonable God. I had a great deal rather that the Churches should have such a God than to have him myself—a great deal rather; because I have no use for such a God. If God, by his laws suffers people to die when they violate the same—now I mean the laws of health, why then of course, it is not him. If people take care of themselves, take care of their families, and live honorably, they will do well enough.

I don't believe in people doing any great sins now, such as stealing or lying, or killing any thing of that kind—I don't believe in that at

all. But I mean, good honest, every-day sort of people, who try to mind their own business, and let other people do the same. I believe they are just exactly as good Christians as God ever came to have them to be. Now that's my God. I would not have any other God if I could. I would not change him if I could.

Now I know many a one that will say "yes, I guess you could not change him if you would, and you would, if you could." Well I would not, if I could, I say. The whole long and short of it is, we are born upon the earth without ever being consulted in regard to it, or the least thing about it whatever; and we have to take things just exactly as we find them; and we have to make the best of them, too. Perhaps, we have not the power within us to do just exactly as we would; then very well that is just the best we can. I know we have got the preacher said, "he lived a good moral life." A good moral life: You say, and swallowed it all. It is just as well. It don't make one particle of difference to me whether you do, or do not believe it. It was not a very great consolation to me after all. You thought I had only just repented, if it had been only just a few minutes before that, I would be all right. Now I didn't repent at all, and I am just as near right as though I did. You say I had lived a terribly, terribly wicked sinner all my life, and just a little while before I left that life, if I had called upon God for forgiveness, that he would have forgiven me, in just one or two minutes, for all the wicked deeds I had done.—If that is so, why, I should think it a very great piece of injustice.

Again, I have told you many and many a time, that if God had the power to forgive people for all their sins in a few minutes, why, of course, if he wanted to forgive them he would any way, and if he didn't want to forgive them, why he would not, and that would be the end of it.—And another thing you know, I told you many and many a time, that if God made every thing in the first place, and pronounced it good—now that's the Bible—and then made the devil to take charge of a certain portion of his children, why, he had an object in view, in making him; and of course, if he didn't take some of them, he would not carry out his aims that's all. I believe in everything being in its proper place.

Now, you will say, I have not changed one bit, not one bit. I will tell you, another thing; all of your prayers, all of your long faces, all of your strict obedience to the Sabbath—and by the way this is Sunday, and here I am a great sinner—I say all of that won't make one particle of difference—it won't make you any happier or better after you get here. Now do you know that I think that the looks and the thoughts that you give to this one, or to that one, and the other one, because they do not think just as you do, and do not belong to the same church that you do—you do know I think it is as big a sin as any I ever did? I don't. I tell you, that if you only knew what I know now, you would see that to die was nothing. And why? Because we go into a life where everything is just exactly as good as you have it, and better, for this reason: Nobody is picking at one another, because they don't think just as they do; and there is no pulling and hauling, no strife among ministers or church members to see who shall have the most, and who shall have the nicest church, and who shall have the best preacher, and who shall have the most converts. There is not a particle of it, here, not a particle of it.—That is a great thing. I don't know but I am staying here a long time. I like it. If Christians can come here, why not I? Now truth is the truth, ain't it, no matter who gives utterance to it; no matter how it comes, it is true that truth is the truth.

I believe that my God—now mind you, I have got a God—I believe that with my God every thing is a truth for itself. Now this is Sunday night. I never went to church. This is just about as near church as any church I ever went to. I worked hard, you know, during the week, and when Sunday came, I thought it was as good a way to worship God as I could find, to rest my body and prepare for my work. That was all that I cared for Sunday. I didn't think it was one particle better than any other day, nor I don't think it is now. I think some where, away back in the past, when some great Christians had control of matters and things, I think that the day called Sunday, God's day, was set aside for the purpose of making people live up to their ideas of Christianity. Now I can prove that to you, just as things you see here on earth. In some Christian cities where there are the greatest churches, and Christians of the greatest power, you will find how very strict they are; and then in another city where a kind of liberal minded people have control of things, you will see that people can do pretty near as they like on Sunday; and believe in this very city where I am now, the people can go to church or stay at home. They can go to places of amusement on Sunday—for there are such places—or they can do the other thing. They can do just exactly as they are a mind to, and I like it. I tell you, I am heartily glad that people are getting out of this old idea that you have got to do just so and so on Sunday. Just think that what an awful thing it would be, if a person could not sing on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not play on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not visit their friends on Sunday; or if they could not have a nice warm dinner on Sunday. Some think you must not cook on Sunday; it is God's day. There are some people to-day who would not have a meal of victuals cooked in their house on Sunday for any thing; it is God's day. You may go outside, and go wherever you like in the vegetable world, and you will find that there is not one thing that stops growing because it is Sunday—no one thing. All animals require food just as much on that day as any other; and human beings who are anxious to make Sunday one of the happiest days of the week, should do it by having good things, and if they have good clothes, make good use of them, and they should

see one another and have real, good suitable times, because they don't work on Sunday. Now, that's my idea. "Just the same," you say, "as he was before he died." How long is it since he died? Just think of it! It is eleven years since. Now, wouldn't you think I had changed a little? Do you really think, if the devil had me I should be speaking here now? Now, mark! You think that evil spirits can come back. Just think of it—an evil spirit can come back, but a good one can't. Now how consistent that is. You think that evil spirits can come back for the purpose of what? For the purpose of making people sinners; for the purpose of seducing them from the path of rectitude and virtue! If I say one word that is not God's truth—that is my God's truth—then tell me so. Now, if your God would let wicked people converse with their friends, and would not let good ones, would you really think that was just? No, no, not so. If evil ones can come, why, surely, good ones can. You do not think that a wicked man has any greater powers or deserves any greater blessings than a good one. Neither do I. Well, I have spun out a long story here—a very long one, I am afraid, longer than you will like; but if there is a part of it you want to disregard, do it. If you want to discard the whole of it, why, do that; but I tell you, you can't discard the truth if you discard everything else.

Another thing; it will not set you to thinking a little, because nearly all of this talk I have given to you more than once, and I am precisely—that is so far as my opinion goes, the same as I was then, only a little more so.

Now, right here in this room, there are some good Christians, that is they think they are; and right here there are some others, every day sort of people and right here are some others who are Spiritualists, that you think are the devil in all. Now, if you could see them, just cast your eyes around as I do here, you could not tell the Christian from the Spiritualist, or the every day sort of person. They have just about the same look. It is Sunday, and one don't look any more like a Christian for Sunday than the other. There are more here that I know of than I have ever seen before, and yet I know that what I say in regard to their characters, and the world's people and Spiritualists, is true. You don't find any body here that is an infidel, not one. You don't find any one in the life where I now am, that are infidels either.

You will read this over and over again. You will sometimes throw it away in contempt, and think you will never touch it again; but something or other will come over you that you will kind of want to keep it. You want it destroyed, and then you will read it again. You will show it to others to read, and they will exclaim, "how very like him. I wonder if it is really so. I wonder if some one there got this all up. If they did, they hit the mark pretty well. I really would like to have been there, when it was given." Well, I would like to have had you, but that is not here now there. Now, you know that I live. Let me see. I lived between forty-three and forty-four years, and never was a member of a church; and I never shall be a member of a Christian church, because I am dead, dead to you, but not to myself.

Now I am going to say to you, that when the time shall come when you shall die, as I did, and die you must, of necessity—and pass into the same world where I now exist, then we shall see each other right. I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. I believe I said it was eleven years since I had been in this world. It was Typhoid fever that I died of.

Now then, this is the first time you have heard from me, but it won't be the last time you will hear from me before you will die. I am sure of that, because I can control a medium and manifest, easier than I did this time, and I will again, inside of three months.

Between three and four months, you will hear from me again. I will keep you thinking about this matter, until you find out it is true; and when I have done that, it will be all I care to do. It is not because you cannot get along without me; it is not that. But if I can get any of the ideas out of your head, that you have got in it now, and give you some that are better, then I will so far, be a preacher and a teacher. My name was Lemuel Elliott, and though I have been dead, I yet live. This is night; when you read this it will be day—so I will say good day. Then it will seem more as though it was just then. I am very much obliged to you all, and to the spirits that gave me permission to come. To every one here present, I will say good night.

JAN. 31st, 1869.

Correspondence in Brief.

Harrison Augir writes to us from Calamus, Iowa. He is engaged in the lecturing field, and, no doubt, is doing a good work.

He has had several interesting debates with those who do not believe in the power of spirits to communicate with mortals.

May be on his good work.

E. E. P., of Omango, gives cheering accounts of Spiritualism in that town. The Society there has been favored with a lecture from E. C. Dunn, also from Mrs. Wikerson. Go ahead, brother, in the good work.

Mr. Rathbun writes an interesting letter from Shelbyville, Illinois, giving an account of a dream wherein he was prompted to purchase a certain book. Dreams, brother, sometimes reveal startling facts, especially when caused by our spiritual mediums.

Dr. H. S. Brown informs us that the two Lyceums in Milwaukee are in a flourishing condition. We are glad to hear that Milwaukee is alive to the interests of the children.

He speaks flatteringly of the good work of Bro. Potter.

Bro. J. Mc Clure, of Albany, New York, writes to us that the Spiritualists there—

would like to have our Western mediums call upon them, when passing through that city. Bro. Mc Clure's address is No. 27, Orange street.

Benjamin Smith, Fallburg, Kent county, Michigan, writes:

I have long been a confirmed believer in our glorious philosophy, founded upon our own experience, my wife being a physical medium. I think that the JOURNAL now excels all other spiritual papers, for good, sound arguments and reading matter. I am much interested in Austin Kent's philosophy; his arguments are sound and come square to the point without dodging the question. The idea of an all-wise, all-powerful and all-good Deity, creating and controlling the universe, to my sense of reason, is contradicted by stern facts. The evil and suffering which we every day can observe in the operations of nature, the cruelty of man and the lower animals to each other—the cat tormenting the mouse for mere amusement—backs up the arguments of brother Kent. I have to take the position of the noble Dr. Robert Hare, that the creative principle lacks the power, rather than the goodness, and without these sufferings, we cannot reach a better state of things.

S. Stasler, of Aurora, Illinois, writes:

The secret of success apparently is, that we shall say the right thing at the right time. It is not a fact that every zealous Spiritualist has made converts. The more a man says the more likely he is to be misunderstood. It takes but a slight jog for any one to become a Spiritualist, who believes in the existence of spirits, if we only knew when to push and how.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou writes encouragingly from Minnesota where she has been lecturing for some time. She is one of our most efficient workers, and has done great good on those Western prairies. She says:

Why is it that we have so many floating speakers, poorly supported? I am glad to see some societies wise enough to agitate this subject, and settle at least a few. If the funds now benefiting railroad companies, traveling expenses of our speakers, were given to keep speakers in the localities to which they are best adapted, we should as a society, have thrice the thrift, and be a power in the land.

Closing my engagement with the State, I still remain to fill one for the month of January with this Society, when each succeeding Sunday brings together a little larger audience. Our church is filled, and the interest great. Letters or calls will reach me the first of next month if sent to Mankato. God-speed the right.

Luther Station, of Luddington, Michigan, gives a curious account of certain noises heard in the forest. It seemed as if some one was driving an ox team, the clashing of chains, etc., seeming as natural as life. Whenever any one would go where the noise proceeded from, there would be no team, and no indication that any had been about.

Dr. J. H. Hill, Knightstown, Indiana, says: Allow me to thank you for your confidence and kindness, for sending me your paper nearly a year without payment. Your untiring energies are to be commended in so successfully continuing to publish it under discouraging circumstances, so fine a paper, which seems to be free to all who are wishing to express a thought in behalf of freedom, and progress.

From the American Artisan, Vol. VII, No. 19, p. 2.

Patent "Magic Comb" for Dyeing the Hair.

Perhaps one of the most popular applications of chemical science ever made, was that which enables the hair and beard to be changed from an unsightly or undesirable shade of grey or yellow to the more approved tints of brown or black. It is a curious dye by which such results have been secured have been applied in a liquid form, involving much inconvenience in their use, often staining the skin, and in many cases failing to give that glossy brightness which is one of the finest attributes of *monachian* or *chevelure*.

The miniature device represented in the accompanying engraving is so formed, as will be seen by the subjoined description, as to be capable of use without any of the drawbacks incident to the employment of a liquid dye; and furthermore communicates to the hair the natural and glossy appearance always desired, but very unobtainable by the ordinary artificial means.

The apparatus, as shown in the cut, has been briefly described as consisting of a double comb, or, in other words, of a comb having two distinct sets of teeth, arranged at suitable distances apart. The teeth of the one set are coated with a desired liquid, which, when applied to the hair as soft and glossy as if no dye had been applied; no danger, furthermore, having been incurred of staining the skin, inasmuch as the dye is not liable to be brought in contact with the latter at all.

Aside from its efficacy in serving the purpose for which it is designed, the compactness of the device enables it to be carried by travelers and others with far less inconvenience than the common liquid dyes put up in bottles; at the same time its convenient form allows it to be used in giving a darker shade to the eyebrows, in cases where the application of such ordinary dyes would be objectionable in the extreme.

This ingenious device is the invention of William Fulton, of Springfield, Mass., to whom a patent thereon was granted on October 13, 1868.

Patents on this invention have also been secured in foreign countries.

For sale at this Office as per Advertisement in another Column.

Diphtheria, croup, Nervous Debility, Croup, whooping
cough, and all other Bronchitis and Inflammations of the
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J. C. TA-LOR

Ann Arbor, Mich.
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Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

Christian Charity Afraid of Spiritualism.

A certain minister of the gospel said in Danville, New York, during the discussion between E. V. Wilson and Elder Miles Grant, "I prefer that Elder Grant should beat E. V. Wilson; nevertheless, I hate Elder Grant, but I do not fear him. I hate Wilson and fear his principles."

You are right, Mr. Minister; you both hate and fear Spiritualism, and E. V. Wilson is a Spiritualist everywhere. You do not fear Elder Grant, or his lying prophecies; for their prophecies all fail, but the facts of Spiritualism are as true as the everlasting mountains.

It was said on Sunday night, January 24th, 1869, in a revival meeting in Danville, New York, "The Devil is going to hold a revival meeting this week in Union Hall, and we advise our young friends to keep away, and let the brethren pray for the Lord to throw the cars off the track, and thus prevent the speaker reaching Danville."

Prayers of the righteous avail nothing, for Christ came not to them, but clear the track of human progress, of every prayerful torpedo that bigotry may place upon the royal road, for we know that our Redeemer liveth.

Advent Truths Carried into Effect.

While in Danville, we dined, one afternoon, at the quiet and pleasant home of Dr. G., and on referring to a book from which Elder Grant read a great deal, and expressing a desire to see it, Dr. G. said, "My neighbor has it, just across the street, and I will send and get it for you." Hence, he sent his daughter after it. On asking for the book, she heard a lady say to the owner, "Don't let her have it; they want it for Wilson, tell her it is not at home." And then there, the sister in the Advent church proposed a lie, another accepted and related it to a child, of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Well, well, we are not surprised at this. A people whose ministers are false prophets, whose prophecy fails every time, may be expected to equivocate on small things; for it is catching in the Advent family.

According to Adventism, the apostles of Christ and the woman giving him birth, are in the grave; are dead. Poor reward this, from one for whom they gave their lives. We prefer to work for him who lets his agents do as they please.

The Palmer Turned.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Palmer, of New York city, are holding forth this week in the Pearl street Methodist Church, Buffalo, New York, preaching and teaching sanctification and holiness of heart, on Sunday and every evening through the week. This woman is before the people as a public speaker.

The Rev. Mr. Love, several years ago, said in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that "When God had anything to do, it always chose a man to do it; but when the Devil had anything to do, he always chose a woman to do it for him." This was spoken in a church on Walker's Point, Milwaukee, and if true then, it is true now; hence, the Devil is enticing the brethren in the Methodist Church, on Pearl street. Brethren, chickens come home to roost occasionally.

Not long ago, a minister of the gospel, and, in fact, within the last ten years, hundreds of them, have, again and again, called our sisters in the field, prostitutes, strumpets, and women of bad character; have affirmed again and again that all women who enter the field as lecturers were of doubtful characters, and contumacious them as public teachers; and yet, here is a woman teaching holiness of heart. What a change! And who has wrought it? The Spiritualists. Again, chickens will come home to roost.

Pray for Us.

We propose to commence a discussion in Danville, New York, January 28th, to continue five evenings. Our opponent will be Mr. E. V. Wilson, a noted Spiritualist. Pray for us, that we may be successful in the defence of the word of truth as revealed in the holy scriptures, and thus glorify our coming King.—The World's Crisis.

Advent saints, did you on your duty? Did you pray long, strong, and well; and did you material God hear you? If he did, why did he let Elder Grant make the concession expressed on Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1869, viz: "If I am compelled to follow the Bible, and confine myself to it, then I may as well close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defence from the Bible."

You spoke the truth, Elder; and for once, Jesus will have to record in heaven the fact that a Sadducee told the truth, and that it took a Spiritualist to squeeze it out of him.

Elder Grant on Thursday evening, January 28th, 1869, impeached Jesus Christ, in the presence of four hundred people, and gave him the lie. Proof. We give it. We introduced Jesus to prove that John the Baptist was Elias. Matt. 11:14. "And if ye will receive it, this is Elias which was to come." Elder Grant denied the testimony, and offered John, 1:21. "And they asked him: (John the Baptist), what then, art thou Elias? And he said, I am not. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, no."

Then said Elder Grant, "Is John Elias? No, by no means, and John says so."

Oh! oh! oh! Elder Grant, what have you done? Blatantly denied the testimony of Jesus, and accepted the testimony of John the Baptist, through third hands.

But enough for the time. Only keep it before the people, that Elder Miles Grant said in Danville, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 27th, 1869, "If I am compelled to follow the Bible, confine myself to it, then I may as well

close the discussion at once, for I cannot maintain my defence from the Bible."

Settled Speakers.

Once more, we enter our protest against the system. A settled speaker is death to any Society in the United States. Many have tried it, and all have failed. From du Lac, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cold Water, Troy, Buffalo, as well as many other places, have tried it and failed, and that under the leadership of such speakers as Mrs. Fishback, Hall, Haylen, Lewis, Flancy, Fish, Tiffney and others. Sisters Cora L. V. Daniels, Bullene and Warner, have tried their high and noble influences at settled speaking and failed; and any one acquainted with the speakers above named, cannot doubt their ability to entertain an audience—all of them able and eloquent advocates of our cause.

Why, then, are they failures? We answer: They are not failures—only when settled,—then they become stale and musty. Spiritualists will not listen to lecturers that read their discourses.

Again, only good speakers and mediums are wanted as settled speakers; and these cannot be spared from the field of itinerant work. Every portion of the Union, and many places in the Canadas, are raising the Macedonian cry of come up to our help; and with this cry echoing in our ears, what right have we to consult the selfishness of any one society, to the exclusion of a hundred others. Three months' itinerant preaching from any one of the brothers and sisters mentioned above, is of more value to Spiritualism than three years' settled speaking in one place. All New York cannot come to Detroit to hear Mr. Pully, but he can go to New York many times.

Mr. Ferguson is wanted in Tennessee and Mississippi, a good deal more than in St. Louis; hence it is not fair to take all of our good speakers and mediums out of the field and settle them in charge of societies. The Music Hall meetings of Boston, are an illustration of the good results of itinerant speaking.

Spiritualism is not ready for settled speakers. It will fossilize fast enough without them. Let us keep our good speakers and mediums on the wing. Matrimony and settled speaking is death to our societies and speakers.

Mattie Hunt, Emma Jay, Miss Hebe, Bell Seougal, Emma Houston and many others, have married and now are lost to the cause.

Had the Methodist church become a fixture and settled their best ministers in its early history, Methodism would not be to-day what it is, and even now, they find it necessary to change their speakers every two years.

Some may ask, "Would you change a speaker to another place, who is drawing a good house?" Yes, by all means, if he has the power to get up a revival. I saw a little specimen manifested in Dr. Peck's department in the BANNER OF LIGHT, not long ago, by some one writing from Illinois, and we venture the remark that the writer would be the first one to go over to a new speaker or medium that might come into his place if he had a settled speaker.

Keep to your field of labor! Wait and see the glory of God! the itinerant speaker, and when you see the gates of progress closed, then you will find a settled speaker.

Mrs. Townsend Hoody in St. Louis.

We are happy to learn through a friend recently from St. Louis, that this gifted lady is at present dispensing the grand truths of Spiritualism in that city. A renewed interest seems to have been awakened. Over one thousand people listen every Sunday morning and evening to her stirring appeals and invincible arguments in behalf of humanity, and our glorious religion, the grandest and most perfect culmination of all that elevates men and women to angels, and makes them equal with the Gods.

THE CONVENTION DAY JOURNAL, published by the St. Louis Children's Progressive Lyceum, speaking of Mrs. Hoody says:

"We believe we may say, without any desire to flatter, that Mrs. Hoody receives the warmest praise from every listener to her eloquent discourses. We are indeed fortunate to have secured the services of one so gifted with the power, not only of receiving inspiration from lofty sources of truth and wisdom, but of dispensing it with such a sweetness and force of logic that find a responsive amen in both heart and intellect."

Here the usual hungering for spiritual food, finds the bread of life, and the heart is warmed by the truth that leads to the joy of belief. In the plain, unaffected dignity of her womanhood, she stands before us, and unfolds the beautiful philosophy of our religion, with an elegance and power of oratory unsurpassed. She is evidently sustained by benedict and advanced spirits, while the divine love illuminates her face, tells us she has a heart for humanity, and is with us in our joys and sorrows. Such a one is eminently fitted to take pastoral charge of a people, to raise them from march and poverty to unity and success. We beseech they may be long in our midst."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Spiritualists of America.

We, with mingled feelings of joy and grief, announce the departure from earth-life of our beloved brother, Dr. Mason, of this place. Joy to know that he has laid aside the cares of this world and entered upon the joys of spirit-life; grief to think that we shall never again meet the loved form or gaze upon the features we have learned to look upon with affection and trust.

We know that he was a faithful and untiring laborer in the field of reform, an earnest advocate of the beautiful philosophy that comforts us for his loss. Working without hope of reward here—content to know that he was doing good unto his fellow men—and in doing the work the angel-world gave him to do, he sacrificed a handsome property, and went out into that future of bliss and rest, leaving a wife and two children almost utterly unprovided for. Knowing this, we have felt it a duty devolving upon us to present these facts to the Spiritualists of America, that they may be able to give to the ones left behind that substantial encouragement and remuneration for labor done by the one gone before, that was his due, but which he never received; and we know that every one

who reads this communication will feel it a privilege as well as a duty to aid the companion and children of one who spent his fortune and exhausted his energies in doing good to others, and teaching the principles of Spiritualism.

Any contributions from individuals or societies may be sent in care of Isaac Palmer, Deerfield, Mich., and the angel-world will bless all who freely give, and be who was ever ready to aid the struggling and comfort the suffering with words of consolation and deeds of love, will look down from his spirit-home and bless them for their kindness to his loved ones here.

MARY J. FOWLER.
J. W. VAN NABBE.

Deerfield, Mich., Feb. 24, 1869.

"God is love. He is every where present. Therefore He rules our every act."

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTA, GA.—Lycium meets each Sabbath at 10 o'clock P. M. at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Allen.

ATLANTA, GA.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be located.

BOSTON, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Association holds meetings in the hall, 12, Summer street, M. T. Deane, Secy. Lectures on Sunday at 10 o'clock, and on Wednesday at 7 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

BOSTON, MASS.—Lectures every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and on Wednesday at 7 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

BOSTON, MASS.—The South Boston Spiritualist Association holds meetings in the hall, 12, Summer street, M. T. Deane, Secy. Lectures on Sunday at 10 o'clock, and on Wednesday at 7 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

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TOLSON, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old Mansions Hall, Summit street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited free. Children's Progressive Lyceum in the same place every Sunday at 12 o'clock. A. A. Wainwright, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

TOLEDO, IND.—The Spiritualists of Toledo hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Oakes Hall, meetings every Sunday at 12 o'clock. Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

NEW YORK.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M., in the convenient and comfortable hall, 270 Grand street, northeast corner Forsyth, 34 block east of Bowery, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special lectures, manifestations, and the relation of spiritual experiences, facts and phenomena. Seize free, and contribute labor as.

ORANGE, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M., in the Lyceum Hall, West Second street, at 12 1/2 P. M. J. L. Foul, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

THE SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, 1671 Washington street.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings at Central Hall, 12, Summer street, M. T. Deane, Secy. Lectures on Sunday at 10 o'clock, and on Wednesday at 7 o'clock. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Trance Manifestations, every Sunday at 3 P. M., and Thursday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Lyceum Hall, corner Bowery, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special lectures, manifestations, and the relation of spiritual experiences, facts and phenomena. Seize free, and contribute labor as.

CLINTON, ONT.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet in the Temperance Hall, on Friday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. Mr. George Ross, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meetings are held in the Lyceum Hall, corner Bowery and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. L. Foul, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

HANOVER, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M., in the Lyceum Hall, corner Bowery and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. L. Foul, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings in the Temperance Hall, on Friday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. Mr. George Ross, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

VERMONT, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. A. J. Chase, 1671 Washington street.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in the Lyceum Hall, corner Bowery and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. L. Foul, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wainwright, Guardian.

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